

Puck

COLOR PAGES
FROM LONDON
AND PARIS

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 14, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



Original in the Possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W. London

Painted by Raphael Kirchner, of Paris

"WILL YOU TEACH ME TO SWIM?"

The Way to Utopia

Shall we prepare, not for war, but against it—or must we learn the lesson of unpreparedness at the price which Belgium paid?

"In the matter of ammunition, our Secretary of War has repeatedly informed us that there is a woeful shortage. But, you say, in time of necessity, we, who supply half of Europe with ammunition, could soon arrange such matters. Two weeks' time is the cause of every German success on the Franco-Belgian line. And it would take a great deal more than two weeks' time for the machinery of a munition department to be set in motion.

"As an ultimate Utopian aim, let us have universal peace and international disarmament by all means. But let it come by simultaneous adoption, not exceptional example: let us be in a position to demand, not implore this."—*"The United States and the Next War," by George Bernheimer.*



As soon as you step out of the circle of the Calcium Light of Success people are likely to discover that there are other actors in the company.

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He Missed His Chance

TRAMP: Yes, mum, I ain't got nuttin' ter hide from the world. I've been in jail ninety times at ninety differen' places!

MISS TENDERART: Oh! did you have a camera with you?

TRAMP: No; I never had none!

MISS TENDERART: Oh! what a pity! If you had had one, you might soon take a new start by writing a series of articles for the *Ladies' Own Journal* entitled "The Inside of a Hundred Jails."



Method

CUSTOMER: I want to get a dog collar; something handsome and showy.

DEALER: Will this one do?

CUSTOMER: No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog, and I'd like to get someone to steal it.



Looked That Way

MRS. WRINKLES: Why, I'm just in the morning of life.

THE FRIEND: Don't you think you're rather late getting up?

A weird and most unusual piece of fiction entitled "The River", by Clara Bouvier Ewald, begins in Collier's for August 14th.

This story won a prize in Collier's fiction contest. The author is a woman of eighty.

"The River" is more than a story. It is life—almost as Thomas Hardy is life, or Russian Turgenev.

Look for it in the August 14th issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

Puck

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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Puck

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER



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FOSTER GILROY, General Manager.

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Next Week's Puck

Have you seen those fascinating war photographs in which are shown a laughing group of French soldiers—who do not understand English—pausing in the course of a mad charge to read the latest American weekly to arrive in the trenches? What enterprising journal hasn't printed them? We know of none, save, perhaps, the *Plumbers' Gazette* or the *Atlantic Monthly*. At an enormous expense, Puck has obtained a series of rare photographs showing its marvelous popularity, not only with the enlisted men in the trenches, but with the Prince of Wales and General French. Not since the Crown Prince of Germany admitted that he read Puck at his headquarters, have so signal a succession of honors been paid "America's Cleverest Weekly." This exclusive feature will appear next week.

In the line of color, the center double-page is an idyll entitled "Summer," by Raymond C. Ewer. Heath Robinson contributes another page in his series, "Making War Movies." The securing of all American rights to Mr. Robinson's work has been hailed as a stroke of enterprise in which our readers may well share our satisfaction. Richard Le Gallienne is with us once more with a charming piece of verse, "Work? Not To-Day!" illustrated by Gordon Ross. In the "Puppet Shop," Mr. Nathan forecasts the coming season along Broadway, and in "The Seven Arts," Mr. Huneker indulges in a fund of his inimitable comment on affairs past and present.

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"It is especially hard for the soldier in the field to know that his dear ones at home are compelled to pay extortionate prices, and the situation is having a great influence on the war."—*The Koelnische Volkszeitung*.

The only cheap thing in war times is human life.

A theatrical manager says that owing to the spread of the moving picture industry, "The Rialto has moved from Broadway to Los Angeles." It is still possible to lend money on Broadway, however.

"Here he is!" cried the Colonel, slapping Governor Johnson of California characteristically on the back. "Here's the next President!" Another way, perhaps, of saying: "If they won't take Hiram, they'll get ME!"

"We want peace. We want our men to return. We want bread and work. We want peace."—*Vienna Women to Franz Joseph*.

Will the Common People never learn to cry, "God Save the King," in this war?

Fashion Parade for War Relief, is the top-line of a newspaper heading. Faith and Hope may pass away, but Charity is sure of a look-in while women delight in showing their clothes.

"Many a young girl, in the first flush of optimism and youthful assurance, has professed a faith and hope in the victory of good in the world."—*Julian Hawthorne*.

So has many a young purchaser of mining stock.

"The territory of Switzerland, like the territory of Belgium, lay between the great combatants. One offered as advantageous a path of entry to those combatants as the other."—*T. R.*

With the exception, of course, that the Belgian Alps are slightly lower and easier to cross than the Swiss variety.

From the Yellowstone region comes word of a plot to kidnap a Mormon chief. To sell him to one of the warring nations? A dash of practical Mormonism in Europe just now might cause the "war baby" industry to look up.

"Why must Russian officers be the worst in the world?"—*General Rennenkampf*.

We'll bite. Why must they?



THE RETORT

"Mr. Daniels in bringing to the Navy Department a group of advisers representative of the highest genius of the country has set an example which merits imitation all down the line. It is inspiring to reflect upon what it would mean for the power and dignity of our country if the several departments of administration and legislation should be able to command in advisory relations the best talent which the country affords with respect to the particular work of each."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

"Mr. Roosevelt evidently has not read the resolutions adopted at The Hague."—*Lela Maverick Lloyd*.

Of course not. The Hague has been "Chinified."

By the way, why not hereafter speak of the Prince of Peace as the Prince of Chinafication?

Schoeneberg, near Berlin, is experimenting with new foodstuffs intended for the poorer classes. The foods consist of a mixture of corn, dried vegetables, dried fish and meat extracts. The new product contains nutritive qualities equal to a square meal.—*German Item*.

The result will be awaited with breathless interest by countless summer-boarding house proprietors in this country.

Need of copper has forced Austria to requisition the roofs of churches. A soothing thought. Being shot with

metal that came from a church roof will be tantamount, we suppose, to receiving the benediction.

"We are face to face with serious international complications that will require the future President to be a man well up in knowledge of diplomacy. This means Mr. Root will be picked."—*Senator Penrose*.

Woodrow Wilson having so conspicuously failed that any suggestion to keep him where he is for another four years may be set down as preposterous.

The politeness of diplomats reminds one of a burglar who carefully wipes his feet on the doormat before letting himself into your house with his skeleton keys.

Perhaps if Mr. Wanamaker's price for Belgium had been \$999,999,999,999.98, people would have understood that he was sincere.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

A convict bought his freedom with
An antidote for thieving.
The German note, which rocked the
boat,
Is almost past believing.
'Tis said mosquitoes will not bite
If they are kindly treated,
But, doubting still,
We swat to kill,
And Hobson won't be seated.

A brand new bug has come to light
With pinions like a biplane.
Sir Orville Wright will put our fleet
Upon a very high plane.
The firefly must go at last—
It interferes with courting.
Przasnysz fell
Beneath a spell,*
And Thaw is still cavorting.

The Trouser Strike soon found itself
Without a leg to stand on.
'Tis said that Matty's fadeaway
Is such as Baker fanned on.
Von Tirpitz said he wouldn't plan
To slaughter us unduly,
We doubt the gent's
Benevolence,
And Dernburg loves us truly.



Black shoes with square and honest
toes
Will dominate the season.
We do not care about the toes
If they be laced with reason.
The Kaiser—ever heard of him?—
Sees victory by autumn,
John Bull observes:
"His optic nerves
Are worse than we had thought 'em!"



That yellow car of Doctor Shaw's,
Has lately grown historic.
The infant Mexico was dosed
With peaceful paregoric.
The newly fashioned naval board
Is free from knots and splinters,
Our submarines
Are in their 'teens,
And Mars has seven winters.

A hyphenated gentleman
Would have our anthem altered.
He doesn't like the melody—
As yet he's still unaltered.
Long necks are going out of style,
We hope you do not sport one,
They make your face
Seem out of place,
We're glad we own a short one.

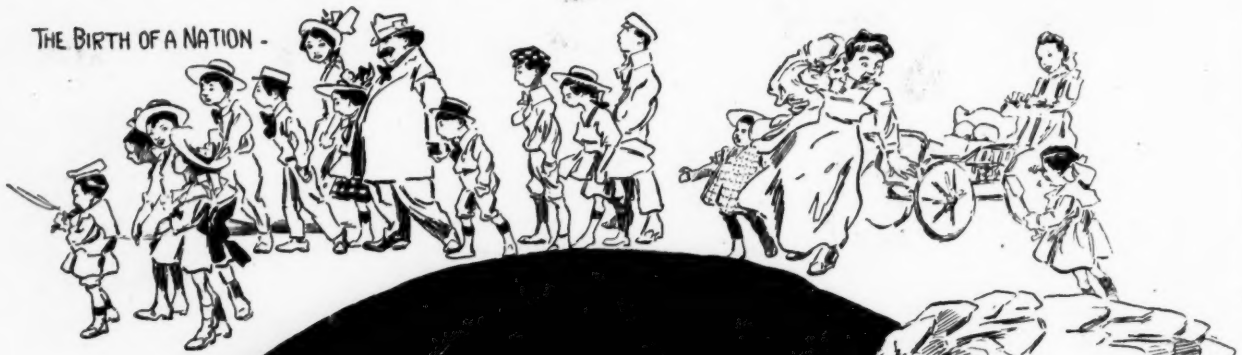
Society is taking up,
Quite earnestly we gather,
Philanthropy and all that sort
Of bally rot. Well rather!
Dame Suffrage used the telephone
To whisper "Votes for Ladies!"
French mots, they say,
Are now *au fait*,
And it's as hot as —! *

* Its own.

* See Riming Dictionary.



THE BIRTH OF A NATION -

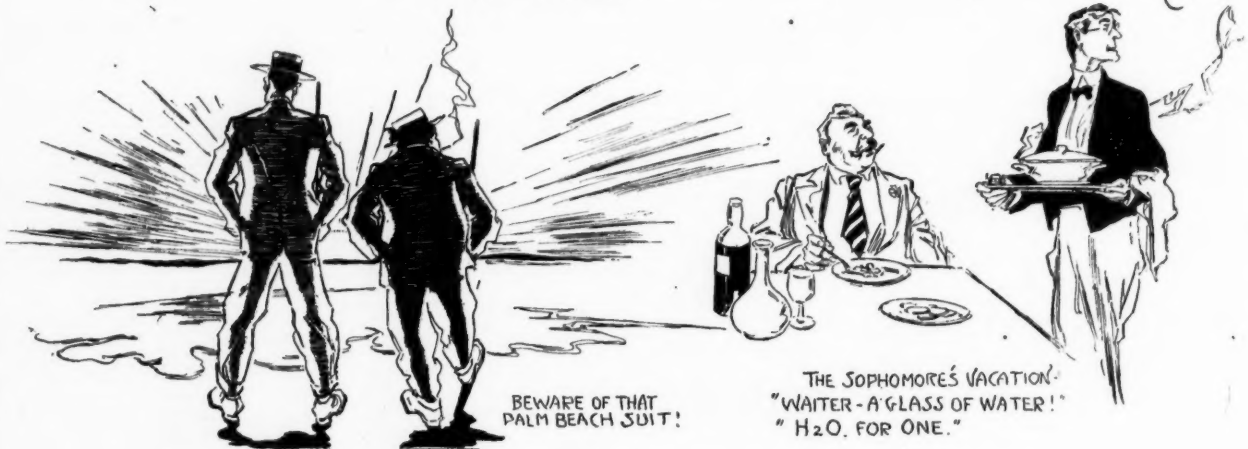


THE THINKER

VICTORY

TWO STATUES

Hy-
mayer



BEWARE OF THAT
PALM BEACH SUIT!

THE SOPHOMORE'S VACATION:
"WAITER - A GLASS OF WATER!"
"H₂O. FOR ONE."

HY MAYER'S OWN PAGE

Puck



For President:
HARRY KENDALL THAW



The Oldest Humorous Publication
in America — and the Newest

VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 2006. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 14, 1915



For Vice-President:
VERNON CASTLE

PUCK'S Ticket for 1916

OUR politics need a drastic upheaval. As we scan the public forum in search of presidential timber, we fail to find the great names that shed lustre over an earlier generation. Our Republican friends are groping in Stygian darkness for a white hope who will stand up before Mr. Wilson in 1916.

In this perplexity, Puck has turned to its contemporaries for counsel. What men in public life to-day are sufficiently well-known to enlist the confidence of the American voter? Who, by reason of achievement, stands out above his fellow-citizens? Upon whose goings and comings do the great discussions of the day revolve?

Our contemporaries — monthlies, weeklies, dailies—have valiantly come to our aid with inspiration, and in bespeaking the suffrage of American citizenry for the following ticket, Puck feels that it is atoning for the great wrong we have done our electors in believing that they have taken their politics too lightly. Gentlemen, we nominate:

For President

MR. HARRY KENDALL THAW

For Vice-President

MR. VERNON CASTLE

NO ephemeral whimsy has wrenched loose our near half-century of admiration for the higher statesmanship of Democracy. Only a close analysis of the trend of our national thought as expressed in our leading periodicals has convinced us of the urgent need in these parlous times of men who command the public eye, men of power and influence.

Mr. Thaw is at present out of work, but he is a young man of parts, an authority on the laws of evidence and medico-jurisprudence. He is hailed wherever he goes by an enthusiastic

throng of ardent admirers, who block traffic and cheer lustily as Mr. Thaw bows in silent appreciation. Unlike most political leaders, he is acclaimed a hero in his home town. Few popular idols have occupied the public attention more continually or more effectively than PUCK's candidate for the presidency. His dictum on matters affecting the commonwealth has been eagerly sought by an expectant press, and his statements are accorded a degree of attention equaled only by the outpourings of one of his living predecessors in the high office for which we name him. He has even had his likeness taken while eating watermelon. Such daredeviltry augurs a man of iron nerve.

WE offer the name of Mr. Vernon Castle for quite another reason, and as a palpable sop to the silk-stockings vote. Mr. Castle is a very busy young man. The post of *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of all matters terpsichorean and sartorial to a city of five million souls is a burden not to be lightly assumed. The signing of testimonials and the demands of the photographer alone preclude the possibility of leisure, at the moment, for affairs of State. But our hope is that the possession of a niche in history may overcome, in Mr. Castle's eyes, the financial sacrifice our nomination presages. It is his mastery over men that we seek to enlist in our country's behalf. Should he decree that the proper posture for an afternoon stroll were a horizontal one, the *haut monde* of New York would gladly parade the Avenue on all fours. His appearance at a new trottery immediately boosts the price of champagne to \$8.00 a quart and advances highballs to \$1.00 each. Such a personality deserves a greater field of action than is offered as a member of Frank Tinney's polo team.



'T WAS EVER THUS

FIRST DEBUTANTE: How on earth did you manage to make such a hit with Mr. Writeleigh? I told him I'd read every single thing he ever wrote and that I thought he was better than Kipling, Shakespeare and Balzac put together, and it didn't seem to impress him at all.

SECOND DEBUTANTE: I told him he danced better than Vernon Castle.

An Exchange of Notes

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN INDIVIDUALS
SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES
"DIPLOMATICALLY"

I.—With some violence, Jones steps on Brown's toe.

II.—Brown is indignant. He pens a note to Jones which makes three distinct demands: disavowal, reparation and guarantee not to step on his toe again. If these demands are not complied with, Brown writes that he will be compelled to adopt stern measures.

III.—Jones receives Brown's note and makes answer. He regrets that Brown's toe was in the way of his (Jones's) foot, but intimates that the latter was not quite where it should have been at the time; otherwise, it wouldn't have been stepped on. He is very willing to say that he is sorry, and does so; also frankly disavows any intention on his part to single out Brown's toe and step on it. It was an accident, a regrettable accident, but an accident notwithstanding. He ignores the matter of reparation; likewise the matter of his future steppings.

IV.—Brown finds Jones's note far from satisfactory, although he observes in it certain encouraging features. An immediate severance of friendly relations is not expected. He replies that he learns with pleasure that his toe was stepped upon accidentally, but declines to admit that his foot at the time was where it should not have been, or where it might not with perfect propriety be again. As to the matters of reparation and guarantee for the future behavior of Jones's foot, he insists upon his original stand. There must be no trifling. A note to that effect is sent to Jones forthwith.

V.—Jones plays for time, and sends an accredited representative to learn just what Brown means by reparation.

VI.—Brown makes it very plain. In addition to reimbursement for the pain and inconvenience he has suffered, Brown expects Jones to reimburse him for the cost of several bunion plasters and a small bottle of carbolic ointment. Furthermore, he makes it clear to Jones's representative that in addition to said reparation, the disavowal and

the apology, Jones must promise never to step on his (Brown's) foot again. This, Brown intimates, is his last warning.

VII.—Jones replies. He is courteous, but he regrets that he cannot do more than to say he is sorry. He is sorry he trod on Brown's toe, and that, he points out, he has already said. As for reparation, he does not feel that he is called upon to make any, but if Brown insists, and it will make him feel any better, he is willing to split the cost of the bottle of carbolic ointment with him. In the matter of future guarantees, he will make no guarantee whatever. Accidents *will* happen, and if Brown's foot should again get as close to his, very possibly (and, of course, regrettably), it might again be stepped on. He maintains that this is a reasonable viewpoint, and trusts that nothing will be allowed to interrupt the life-long friendship of himself and Brown.

VIII.—Brown receives Jones's note, and considers the situation more than serious. He writes a reply to Jones, this time a curt one. He meant just what he said. He will make no compromise. Jones must pay for the bunion plasters and for ALL of the bottle of carbolic ointment. Also, he must positively guarantee the good behavior of his foot, of both his feet, when Brown's feet are in the neighborhood. Friendship itself prompts Brown to say to Jones that repetition in contravention of his foot's rights must be regarded as deliberately unfriendly.

IX.—Jones is extremely sorry, but says he has gone as far as self-respect will permit him.

X.—Brown wants to know if that is final.

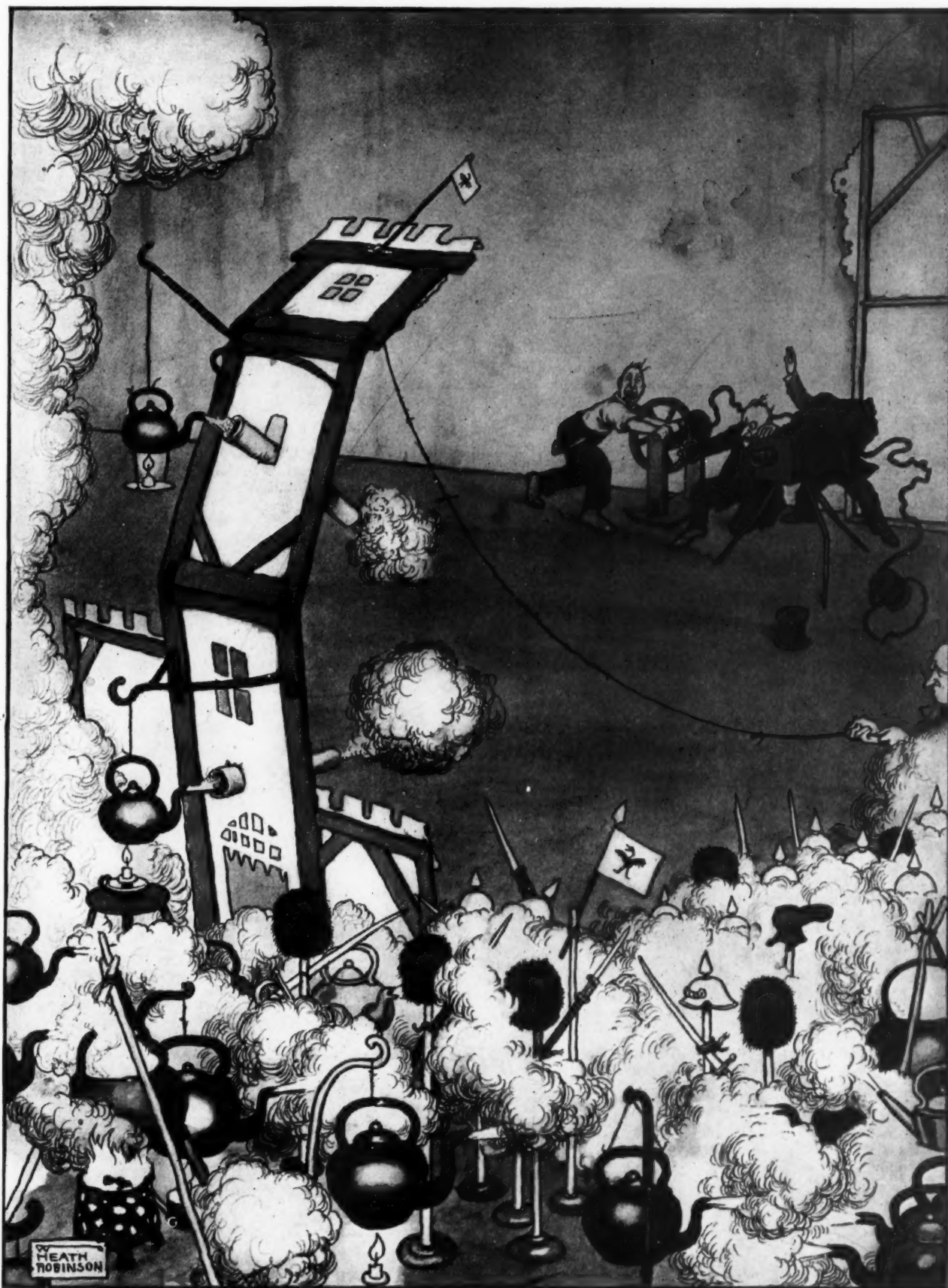
XI.—Jones says it sure is.

XII.—Brown punches Jones on the nose.



CANNED MUSIC

PROFESSOR MOZART SPARROW: Ye gods! 'Tis the worst phonograph record I ever heard!



HEATH
ROBINSON

Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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MAKING WAR MOVIES—I

THE FALL OF IVANGOROD

The Decline of Sensibility

In that fascinating story, truly a human chronicle, "Amelia," by Henry Fielding, I found this episode: "It may, indeed," answered Amelia; "and I am so sensible of it that unless you have a mind to see me faint before your face, I beg you will order me something—a glass of water if you please." And then the great novelist proceeds to relate the further history of Captain Booth's good lady, but not until Mrs. Bennet infuses some "harts-horn drops" into a glass of water for the victim of "nerves," or sensibility, as it was called in those days. Since then Miss Austen and her troop of youthful creatures, swooning to order, have stolen with charming graces across the canvas of fiction; the young woman of 1750, with her needles, has quite vanished; and passed away is the girl who played the piano in the stiff and prim Victorian drawing-rooms of our grandparents. It has always seemed to me that slippery haircloth sofas and "The Maiden's Prayer" or "The Battle of Prague" dwelt in harmony. And now, in 1915, the girls who devote time to the keyboard merely for the purpose of social display are as rare as the lavender-water ladies of morbid sensibilities in the Richardson and Fielding novels. It was an English essayist who wrote of "The Decay of Sensibility." He meant the Jane Austen girl, yet I wonder if the musical girl of the old kind may not be also set down for study, the study we accord rare and disappearing types. Never has our country been so consciously musical, never before so many public piano-recitals, and here is the paradox: the piano girl is passing!

Women and Music

Women and music have been inseparable in the male imagination since the days when the morning stars sang cosmic chorals in the vasty blue. The Old Testament tells us of the dancing and lyrics that accompanied many sacred functions, and we recall those music-mad maids who slew Bacchus for a mere song. Woman played upon shawm and psaltery, and to her fate went dancing in measured tones the daughter of Jephthah. I am not sure but that Judith crooned a melody for the ravished ears of Holophernes. An early keyed instrument, the Virginal, was named in honor of woman; and the first printed piece of English music was called "Parthenia." On the title-page is depicted a simpering and rather blowsy young woman of Rubens-like physique, playing upon a Virginal, her fat fingers in delightfully impossible curlicues. This piece was engraved in 1611. A variety of pictures show the inevitable girl seated at the spinet, or clavichord. There is a painting by Jan Steen in the National Gallery, London, representing an awkward Dutch miss fingering the keys, and a Gerard Ter Borch (Terburg) in the Royal Museum, Berlin, reveals a young woman of generous proportions



THE SEVEN ARTS

BY JAMES HUNEKER

portions playing upon a large string instrument, an early member of the violoncello family. She appears to be handling her bow like a professional; and, strange to say, she is left-handed. Ample are the facts relating to the important rôle enacted by woman as interpretative artist. To no less an authority has been ascribed—wrongfully, I suspect—a certain aphorism which places in curious sequence wine, woman and song. It was the woman who entertained that was then most esteemed. She pleased the rude warrior, fatigued by war or the chase, and

with her dainty tinklings soothed his sottish brain. Woman, like music, was a handmaiden. With the emancipation of the art from churchly ritual came its worldly victories. In the spaces of the concert room the piano was king, and not seldom subdued by queenly fingers. The male virtuoso, surely a thing of gorgeous vanities, soon had his feminine complement. The Woman who Played the Piano appeared, and there were people who expected the millennium. In the eighteenth century pianos had sconces in which burned candles, while charming women, patch on face, powdered hair, played Haydn sonatas, bravely attempted the brilliant Scarlatti and greatly wondered at the famously difficult new music of Mozart. Beethoven, a loutish young man of unbearable habits, wrote music that was not to be thought of—it was not playable. A few grand ladies, who gave themselves superior airs of culture—as do Ibsen girls to-day—attacked the Beethoven sonatas in the presence of the composer, who, quite deaf, complacently lolled in their drawing-rooms and betimes picked his teeth with the candle snuffers. (This is historical.) But in the next generation there was sterner feminine stuff. After Camilla Pleyel came Madame de Belleville-Oury, admired of Chopin, and the transition to the modern piano-playing women, Clara Schumann, Sophia Menter, Annette Essipowa, Teresa Carreno and Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, was easy.

An Ideal of the Last Century

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed an intense devotion to a barren ideal. Years previous to the advent of the sewing-machine there burst upon the civilized globe a musical storm of magnitude. Every girl whose parents respected themselves was led almost manacled to the keyboard, and there forced to play at least one hour out of the twenty-four. This was before the age of eight years; after that crumbly, pinafore period an hour was added, and oh! the tortures of her generation and the generation which succeeded her. Veritable slaves of the ivory, they worked like the Nibelungs for a stern Alberich, who pocketed the hoard of their father and rapped their cold, thin, despairing fingers with a lead pencil. With

(Continued on page 20)

A Human Nature Pastel

The newsboy had stood on the corner holding an undiminishing bundle of papers for half an hour.

An unvarying and meaningless sound issued from his lips, but neither he nor anyone else thought he was saying anything.

Suddenly the clang and bang of a fire-engine divided the traffic.

"All about the fire! All about the fire!" he shrieked.

And every fifth person bought a paper.

Concession

"The American Ambassador," announced the Imperial Chamberlain, perturbedly, "refuses to wear knee pants at court!"

"Ask him if he has any objection to wearing ordinary pants with bicycle clips at the ankles!" commanded the despot, who, while clinging to immemorial usage, was not indisposed to concede something to the virile democracy of the West.

Might There Be

The department salesman had taken twenty-nine rolls of dress-goods from the shelf and was a trifle impatient.

"Madam," he said, politely, "isn't there anything here which suits you?"

"No," replied the fair shopper, "I guess I won't select the goods now. You see, I'm just looking for a friend."

"There's another roll on the shelf," said the salesman. "I'll take it down if you think your friend is likely to be in it."

No Romance

He dropped her hand with a sigh of defeat.

Mutely she looked into his eyes, as though seeking in his glance some message that would convey the word she sought.

With one slow look at her hand as it lay where he had let it fall, he shook his head slowly and said:

"Give them the trick. You haven't a trump."

Ready to Negotiate

A wandering magician was giving a sleight-of-hand exhibition at a summer hotel.

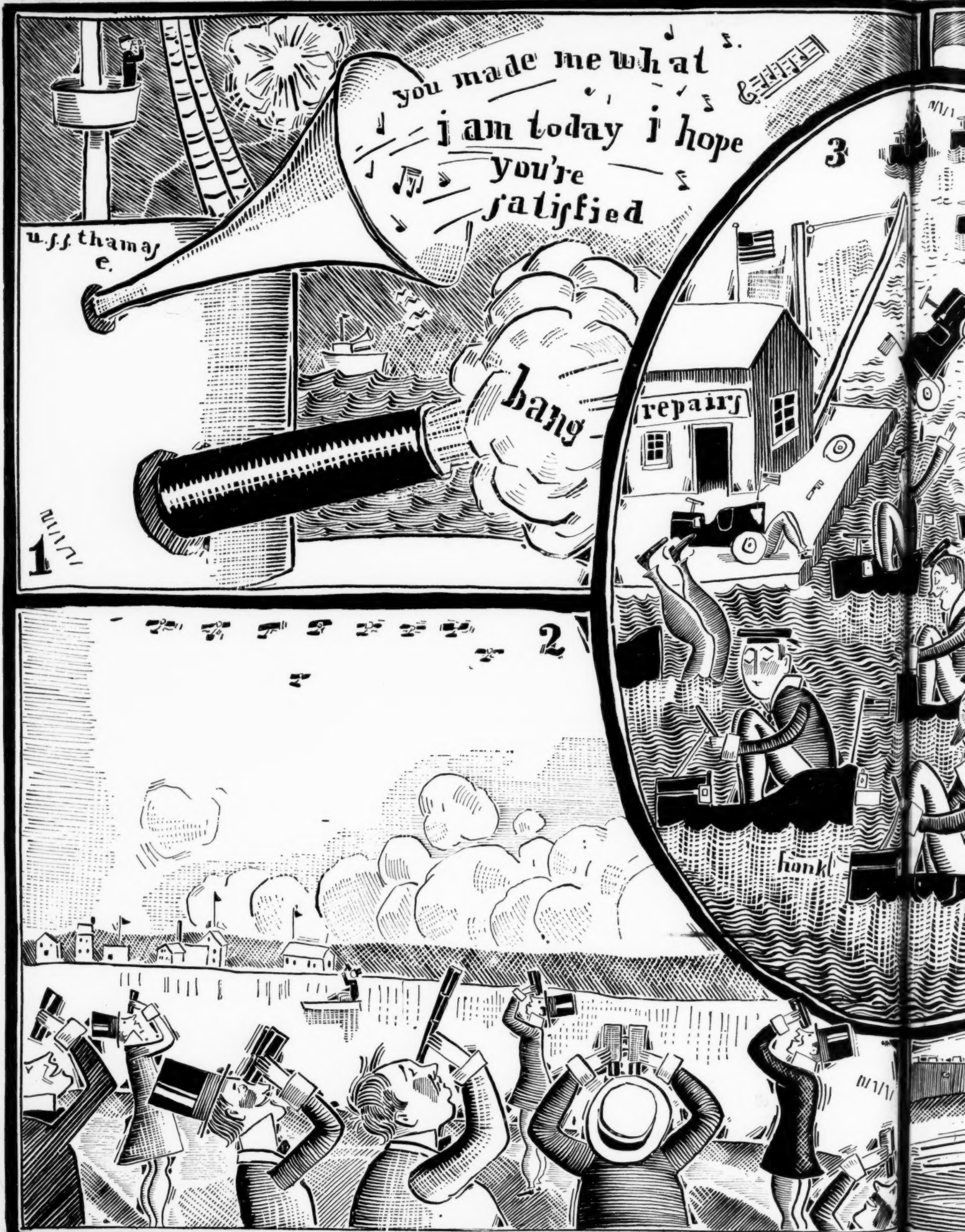
"Can any lady or gentleman in the audience lend me a ten-dollar gold piece?" he asked.

"On vot?" eagerly shouted a pawnbroker in the front row.



LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

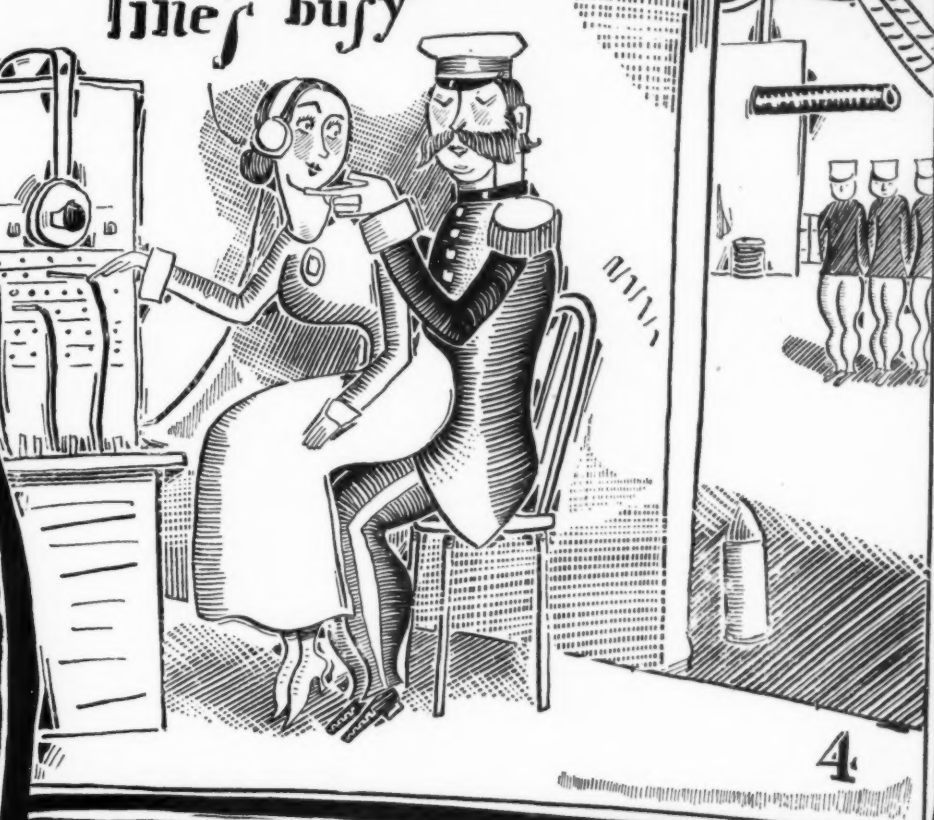
RALPH BARTON OF PUCK'S STAFF FINDS PARIS "ALL FOR THE SOLDIER"



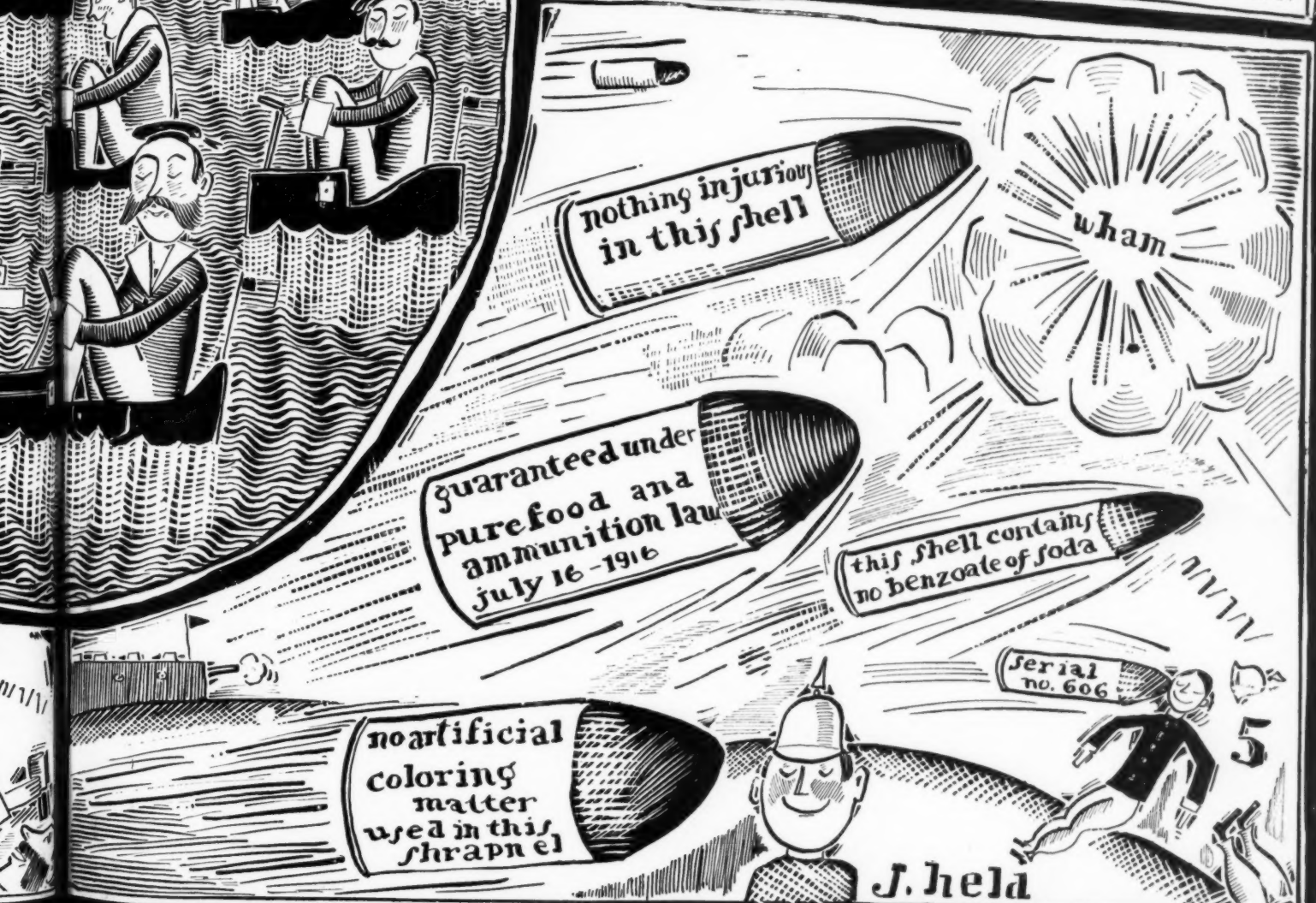
1—Combination cannon and phonograph turret, as perfected by Thomas A. Edison
 2—A naval review on the Hudson River, according to Orville Wright

WHEN SCIENCE GETS BUSY W
 3—The United States Navy Henry F

you cant talk to the admiral
line's busy



4



GETS BUSY WITH THE NAVY

states Navy Henry Ford would have it

4—All the comforts of the telephone when Alexander Graham Bell gets on the job
5—In case our old friend, Dr. Wiley, is asked to join Secretary Daniels' Science Board



ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY



WHAT GEORGIANS THINK OF THOMAS WATSON

" . . . More horrible still was that telegram to the Governor from Harris County citizens asking him to grant a full pardon to William Creen, obviously on the idea that his murderous assault upon Leo Frank fully atoned for his two previous murders.

But those were, no doubt, either ignorant or vicious people who sent this telegram; yet what must we say of those men of admitted intellect and influence who make a business of inciting such passions in the people? Verily, Georgia has fallen on hard days when incendiary publications can find a readier sale on the streets of her capital city and elsewhere than the

sanest message ever penned by editors of more conscience and patriotism. . . . There may have been no plot to murder Leo Frank, but there are those in the full enjoyment of liberty who share the guilt of the convict who attempted to take his life."

—Augusta Chronicle.

This means you, Tom Watson. It means that the people of your own State are getting on to you. It means that unless you learn how to act 'in the full enjoyment of your liberty' you not only share the guilt of the convict who attempted to take Frank's life, but you will share his punishment and his fate.

The Portable City

"Business! Business?" cried the man who had just come off the steamer. "Why, say, if I had any more business I'd go to a sanatorium. My line is portable houses and when I read of the way cannon and shells had knocked the spots out of these here European cities, I says to myself, 'I've got a big idea. Maybe I can't put it over, but it's worth a trip to Europe just to find out.'"

"And did I find out? Oh, yes; I found out all right, all right. See those papers? Orders! Yes, sir, orders; every one of them. Orders from every one of the scrapping nations. I goes in to the main gazabo, shows him my card, and says: 'See here, friend, didn't it ever strike you what a big

thing it would be if you could have non-besiegeable cities?'

"The main gazabo sort of bats his eye at this, and looks around for the bouncer, but I keep right on with the talk. 'I make portable houses,' I says. 'That's my business, and I can make you, if you say the word, portable cities just as easy. Houses, churches, castles, market places—everything you need. What happens when an enemy besieges one of your towns now?' I asks. 'Why, pretty soon his siege guns knock it to flinders; that's what happens,' I says; 'and all because you've got towns that can't be moved; that's got to stick around!' I says.

"'But what happens when you buy a city, complete and ready to put up,

from me,' I says. 'Every part numbered and so simple a child could put it together,' I says. 'Why, when you sight the enemy coming, and if he's too many for you, you simply give the word, take down your city, and move it on trucks to wherever it is you're going,' I says. 'No shelling of cathedrals or hospitals. No busted works of art, no swell architecture gone to smash; everything compact and safe.'

"Well, you just should have seen them fall for it. I got orders for seven portable cities, sixteen portable towns and forty-three portable villages, all for delivery this year. My designer's working now on a portable chateau that's going to be the prettiest thing in galvanized iron that you ever saw."

JOLLY CHARLIE McGURRY

By Horatio Winslow

OF course you know I'm not knocking my own husband, but for a fact Charlie is just about the limit. You may think it's fun to be married to a comical dramatic actor, but if you were there once you'd find out different.

You see, it was at State and Thirty-seventh where they ran the old "Refined and Continuous." I and a lady friend went there one night and I'll never forget that show as long as I live. First a gentleman came out and sang "O Promise Me"—perfectly lovely. After him was two ladies who did a refined dance—but I didn't think much of that because it seemed to me the younger sister simply delighted in showing her limb when she turned flip-flaps. Well, the scenes closed and the boys put out cards that read "Jolly Charlie McGurry and Happy Ed. Marzine." You know, I got just as excited as could be for no reason at all. The piano player hit the keys an awful bang and a gentlemen stumbled on all blacked up and in a dirty tramp coat. He said he was passing by in his automobile and he just blew in. Everybody was laughing at that when another gentlemen stepped in. It was Charlie. He was tall and dark and graceful—O my! My heart jumped right into my mouth when I saw him. "Yes," my lady friend said, "that blacked up one is Marzine and the tall handsome one is McGurry. Their act is a perfect scream."

After they sang an Irish song together Mr. Marzine said: "Say, Boss, is that a diamond you had on last night?"

And Charlie answered so gentlemanly, "Why, no; that wasn't no diamond I had on last night."

"Why, it looked to me like a diamond."

Charlie said, just as cool as ever, "Why, no, I didn't have no diamond."

"Well, maybe it wasn't a diamond. Maybe it wasn't a diamond—but from what I could see it was an awful good shine, anyway."



"THEIR ACT IS A PERFECT SCREAM"

Well, everybody laughed and laughed, but Charlie kept standing there so cool and gentlemanly that pretty soon they slowed down and gave him a chance. Charlie said: "How'd you like a railroad ride?"

Mr. Marzine said: "I'd like that fine."

"I'll give you a pass on my railroad."

"What one is that?"

"The T. P. and W."

"What's the T. P. and W?"

"Oh, that's the Take Pains and Walk."

And when he said that Charlie picked up a chair and hit Mr. Marzine so hard that I thought he was killed and the crowd simply went wild. Then Charlie sang "When the Stars Are Shining O'er My Home Sweet Home," and I pretty near cried listening. He has an awful good voice. And to wind up, he and Mr. Marzine did a song called "Strolling in the Garden" that certainly was swell.

Of course, I was just dying to meet him, and not more than two days afterward, when I was getting into a street car, I tripped and fell into the arms of a gentlemen standing by. I looked up and it was Charlie. We became acquainted right off and three weeks later when Charlie ended his season we got married. Now, of course, I'm not

knocking Charlie, but really, he's been on the stage so long that sometimes he doesn't know how to behave in private life. About a month ago we went out to a church social and were standing by the lemonade stand when the Sunday School superintendent came up and began talking about fast horses.

Charlie butted right in. "Last week," he says, "I went to a horse race and a fellow I see told me to bet on Hot Rice because he was a pudding, and another fellow says 'Play Drummer, because he's there with the goods,' but I put all my money on San Francisco because it was a sure tip. Come again, sport." And he upset the lemonade all over the superintendent's trousers.

Of course, when we got in the street car I told Charlie he would have to cut all that out, but he said he used to have a turn like that and he just couldn't help himself.

Last Tuesday he was witness in a court case and the lawyer said to Charlie, "State what happened." Charlie said: "Do I have to state it because I'm on State Street?" and did a funny fall out of his chair at the same time. Charlie said afterwards that he used to have a partner who looked just like that lawyer.

Right down below our flat is the Jensen's, but we never speak now on account of some trouble Charlie's comical ways got us into.

We had them up to dinner and Charlie began by asking him if he knew anything about nigger clubs. Mr. Jensen said he didn't, and Charlie said, "Well, it's a fact that a bald-headed coon can't get in one."

"Why not?" Mr. Jensen said.

"Because he's blackballed, of course," and Charlie right then did something that—well—it sounds awful, but Charlie says it's the way every good comedian does when he gets off a joke. I told him that he ought to have remembered that Mr. Jensen didn't

have no sofa pillows in front of his—his—chest.

I didn't care so much about the Jensens, but it did give me a black eye when Charlie played off comic with his Uncle Bert. He owns a shoe business and he's so deaf that he's always putting his hand to his ear and saying "Hey?" He gave Charlie a job and Charlie might have been holding it yet if he hadn't had such a sense of humor.

One afternoon Charlie says, "Uncle Bert, did you hear that story about the stallion's breakfast food?" "Hey?" says Uncle Bert. "Yes, HAY—that's it," says Charlie, and grabbing up a box he busted it over Uncle Bert's head.

"Why, Charlie," I says, "you oughtn't to have did that!"

"Well," he says, "I had a partner once with a bald make-up just like Uncle Bert's and I forgot myself."

Of course in his feelings Charlie's just as refined as he can be and when we go to restaurants without finger-bowls he'll use the water tumblers every time. If he could only train down so as to tell funny stories without hitting people he'd make a splendid traveling man.

The Panic Habit

War is hell, and peace, it appears, is just as hellish. A year ago, when the crash of cannon stunned the world, the outbreak of European strife was a calamity. And as is usually the case when calamity stalks the earth, the Financial District noted it, and there was depression, even panic in the air. Stocks went tumbling; exchanges were shut tight to keep the market from falling into a bottomless pit, and confidence was deadlier than any doornail that ever lived. Only one condition could restore the balance of things; and that condition was Peace.

That was a year ago. Since then, the Stock Exchange has reopened, and business in the Financial District and elsewhere has readjusted itself on a war basis. New groups of securities are active in Wall Street that are known as war stocks, and back of them are factories which are busy night and day. Prosperity? Confidence? No; calamity still stalks the earth. As Wall Street first regarded rumors of war, so it now regards rumors of peace. Namely, with shudders. What will happen to the market, to war stocks, when peace is declared? Already the

whisperers of Wall Street are hinting at the Panic of Peace. And b-r-r-r-r! It may come any day, any hour, and the Stock Exchange may close again!

Moral: When once you get the panic habit, it is hard to break yourself of it.

An Ante-Nuptial Agreement

MARRIED FRIEND: My husband says stock speculation is very dangerous if you get on the wrong side of the market.

THE FIANCEE: But George has promised to be very careful not to get on the wrong side of the market.

Outrageous

JAY HAYRAKE (at continuous performance): Gol darn it! Mandy, them's the same two actors that come out three hours ago an' they're doin' the same old tricks! This is another o' them cheats!

Appearances are deceptive—you can't tell by looking at a newly married couple how often they were on the point of breaking off the engagement.



PUTTING ONE OVER

THE WIDOWER: 'Tis a bright little wan, that!

THE WIDOW: 'Tis indade! 'Tis only yisterday he was after askin' if he'd iver have a stepfather.

"THE HELP" AT MRS. CANARY'S

Written and Illustrated
(in Clay Models)

By
HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

"That Agnes is certainly getting on my nerves!" exclaimed Mrs. Cribbage.

"I've always liked the girl," defended Mrs. Binney, "but I must say that lately she has surprised me."

"Whoever would have thought that there would be any romance in Agnes's drab, commonplace life," giggled Gertie Golightly. "I think the whole affair is a scream!"

"It'll be a murder!" said Mrs. Cribbage severely. "There ought to be something done about it. I can't seem to make any of the men folks in this house take it serious. That revengeful foreigner that's followin' her is liable to use bombs and blow us all up. That tune she's singing now upstairs gives me the creeps!"

Agnes was singing one of those songs that seem to be sung exclusively by chambermaids. In a pleading wail Agnes was entreating them to "dig my grave—both wide—and deep."

"Guess I'll go up and get the latest reel in the thrilling 'Adventures of Agnes,'" said Miss Golightly. "She's doing up my room now."

Agnes had her teeth buried in the top of a pillow in the act of slipping on a clean case.



Katie



"All of a sudden I knew that man was spyin' on me"

"Anything new?" asked Gertie, in a sympathetic whisper.

"Well, Miss Gertie, it's a Mercy I'm here now to tell it!" admitted Agnes. "Yesterday afternoon, while I was sitting around in them grand parks with my gentleman friend, all of a sudden I knew That Man was spyin' on me! Oh, yes'm, I could feel his awful eyes. And I heard him in the bushes near our bench and I was that scairt. Every minute I expected he would stab me or my friend with a dagger."

Miss Golightly and Agnes were both enjoying themselves so thoroughly that Mrs. Canary's shrill "Ag-nes!" was most unwelcome.

Agnes, these days, was an object of new interest to the boarders as she waited on table. The "men folks," though, had been cautioned against "kidding" Agnes about her rival suitors, lest it would make trouble for the poor girl with Mrs. Canary. However, that night at dinner, as Agnes brought on a large platter of spaghetti, Mr. Dorkins murmured: "Ah, spaghetti! That reminds me of a queer thing I noticed as I came in this evening. A desperate looking man, whom I imagine was an Italian, was hanging around this house. Now I wonder——"

Agnes gave a startled cry and the dish of spaghetti went crashing to the floor. Spaghetti with tomato sauce is one of the showiest articles of food one can drop on a rug. The decorative values of her mishap seemed to be lost on Agnes, who stared at it as into a crystal globe and blurted out: "I've spilt spaghetti—that's a omen of warnin'!"

It was the next morning that a wild shriek rang through the house. When the women boarders reached the lower hall it was deserted, but in the open doorway, smiling and bowing, stood an Armenian, a burden of rugs in his arms.

"Buya some nice-a rugs to-day, ladies?" he cooed, showing superb teeth.

Mrs. Canary appeared and promptly closed the door on the rug vender. "What ailed Agnes?" she demanded of the nervous group.

Mrs. Cribbage explained.

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Canary. "I guess you don't know help as I know 'em; they're always getting up some excitement or ruther!"

When Agnes had hurled herself down the basement stairs and sought protection from Katie, the Cook, that person was strangely unconcerned. "Ah, go on wid yez. I hain't got no time for such nonsense. Go on up and talk to your frind, Miss Golightly, who has nothing better to do than ride around in taxsit cabs."

Katie had been rather miffed that morning about a lace collar Gertie had given Agnes. "Go up an' she'll give ye another collar. Nobuddy never gives me no collars—or no nothin'. There's folks in this house I niver as much as laid me two eyes on, bad luck to 'em. But I'm supposed to know whether they like their eggs two minutes, or three minutes, or twenty minutes! Now if I was up palaverin' over 'em like some folks——"

"Oh, Katie, keep your wig on!" interrupted Agnes. Which was indeed a particularly unfortunate remark.

"When I get through wid you, you

daceitful little jitney, you'll need one, too!" roared Katie.

For the second time that morning Agnes's shrieks brought Mrs. Cribbage, Mrs. Binney and Gertie Golightly flying to the scene. Mrs. Canary, after dealing with the situation in masterly fashion, demanded in the sudden silence: "Now, what is all this row about?"

"A lace collar that Miss Golightly give me this morning——" began Agnes, who was sobbing softly.

"It was no lace collar that was to the bottom of it, if ye must know," interrupted Katie, grimly. "It's the airs That One has been giving herself lately. A angel in Hiven couldn't stand no more of her nonsince. She thinks the min are all in luv wid her and all on account of me tellin' her forchune one evenin' in a frindly way of apassin' the time. I says to her, just as everybody says who read the cayrds: 'There's a light man and a dark man in your life. The light one has only the best heart fer you, but the other feller, who is dark and myster'ous, has evil intint. Beware of him!' Fer her own good I told it and what does she do? She gets all puffed up over it and thinks she's like one of them movie herowines!"

"I believed it," wailed Agnes.
"Why, Mr. Dorkins, he saw a
man——"

"If there's any more of this nonsense or quarrelling, you'll both have to go," broke in Mrs. Canary, haughtily.

And she "shooed" the three boarders before her as she went toward the basement stairs. "Help," she muttered. "Help gets to be more of a problem all the time. I did think Agnes had more sense, though, as she has never had any followers. That's her cousin who takes her out—he's quite a nice young man."

"Well," commented Gertie Golightly, "Agnes certainly has got a romantic nature!"

During the quiet of the afternoon, while Mrs. Canary was out and Agnes was washing the paint in the upper halls, Gertie Golightly stole quietly down to the kitchen. Katie was drinking tea as she watched the oven.

"Katie," began Gertie coaxingly, "here's something I thought you might like—and Katie—won't you please read the cards for me—or do you tell with tea grounds?"

Katie beamed. "I can tell both ways, Darlin'," she admitted. Business was certainly looking up. That afternoon she had been visited by Mrs. Cribbage and by Mrs. Binney. In Katie's pocket jingled two fifty-cent pieces—NOT tributes to her culinary skill!

Her Method

WIFE: Here are some household bills, dear, that came in to-day.

HUSBAND: Hang it! Why can't you wait until I've had my dinner?

WIFE: I was going to give you my own bills then.

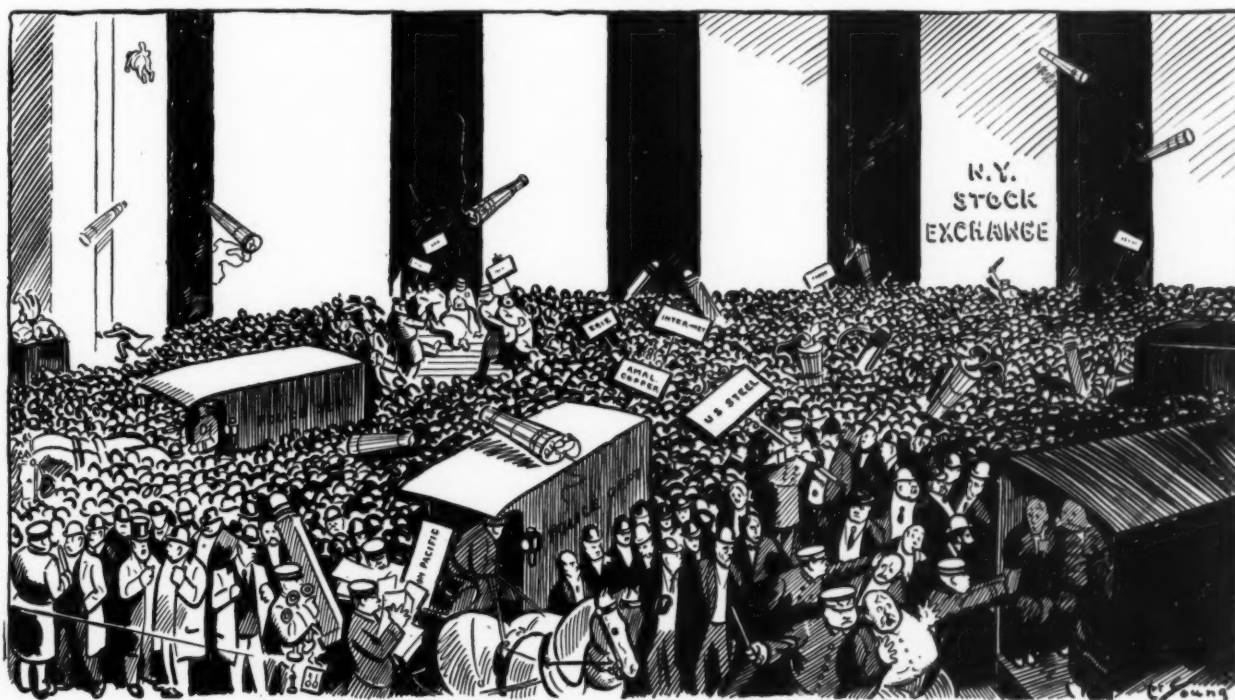
A Squeeze in Gasolene

Twenty-four hours after a hard-headed New Jersey sheriff had knocked into a cocked hat a strike at the Standard Oil Company's Bayonne plant, the price of gasolene went up one cent a gallon, with a promise of another cent raise after the flurry of the first boost blows over.

This may be a coincidence. In all probability "26 Broadway" will promptly declare that it *is* a coincidence, but it looks to us as though something more sinister than chance had a hand in the squeeze. It bears a strong resemblance to the old and tried procedure of the Rockefellers to pass along to the dearly beloved public the price of any little indiscretions that jar the peaceful progress of their manifold operations.

The small merchant who suffers a setback pays the piper and forgets it. The Rockefellers figure up their losses and pass them along to the consumer. That's the difference between individualism and monopoly in trade.

A cent a gallon on gasoline is a small matter to the individual. Applied to the nearly two million cars in operation in this country it is an item of at least \$20,000 a day—enough to pay for several Bayonne strikes. The grim humor of it lies in the fact that the gentlemen who reimburse John D. for this particular strike are the most eloquent defenders of the Rockefeller way of doing business.



ON THE WAR-STOCK EXCHANGE

The Police Raid Other Gambling Joints, So Why Not This One?



A PERSONAL APPEAL

UNCTUOUS STRANGER (who has been asked to lead in prayer): Oh, Lord! prepar' us all to die; so dat when dat dread moment arrives we kin calmly say, "Oh, death! whar is dy sting?—Oh, grave! where is dy victory?" And, Oh, Lord! if dar am any present here to-night dat am not prepared to die, guide them, we beseech Thee, around to Room 47, at de American Eagle Hotel, whar I am stoppin' as de general agent ob de Coontown Life Insurance Company!

The Latest Moratorium

It is not good form at the present moment to praise anything German, but praise cannot be withheld from the writer in the *Christliche Welt* who suggested a "moratorium in Christianity" until the conclusion of the war. "In a war of this character," said the writer, "where ruthlessness of an unparalleled type is displayed, and where the very rudiments of Christianity are ignored, it would be wise, if Christianity is to be maintained, that it should not be preached or taught during the continuance of the war."

We do not know the name of the person who naively put forth this suggestion, but we do know that he is a much more religious man than a king is who calls upon God to applaud his organized slaughter. Very possibly, also, he possesses a grim sense of humor; something which kings, at least earthly ones, so conspicuously lack. He sees, does this German journalist, that to make Christianity square with flying shrapnel and poisonous gas-fumes is a job which defies accomplishment, and only a solemn ass in purple and ermine, obsessed with "divine right" and his personal kinship with the Deity, would ever undertake it. Rational religion is

threatened by the war only as it attempts to justify it; to prove that it is consistent with a "gospel of love."

Then it flounders pitifully, and the writer in the *Christliche Welt* has noticed it. Really, his moratorium in Christianity is the only practical plan in sight, whether he meant it seriously or whether he made the suggestion in a spirit of taunting satire. Kings should take it up. It would relieve them of much secret embarrassment. With a moratorium in Christianity, the shelling of a cathedral, for instance, would be no more regrettable than the shelling of a chateau. As it is, the violent destruction of a "house of God" obligates kings to have marvelous control of their facial muscles. In other words, it becomes hard for them to keep their faces straight when they cry, "God is with us!" And a straight face at such times is absolutely essential. This is only one of the situations that a moratorium in Christianity would distinctly remedy. Others will come to you as you read the war news.

Expressed in plain American, what the German writer meant to say was simply this: If war interferes with religion, give up religion. That is the

whole thing in a very compact nutshell. Making God a partner in "civilized warfare" is man's crowning insult to the Almighty. It was about time that it occurred to somebody.

"A Hellish Situation"

We present to Puck readers frankly and without any bias the question: Which is the more "hellish situation," a President trying his best to keep his country out of war, to give them Peace with dignity, or an ex-President, striving by every means in his power to inflame popular passion as a means of courting popular favor?

Which is more of a "deliberate insult to the position of the United States," diplomatic communications calculated to smooth over international differences, or a vulgar and voluminous hurling of epithets by a prominent private citizen with neither the official capacity nor the good taste to speak otherwise?

We submit one further question: Can the readers of Puck suggest anything more contemptible than an ex-President who knows the difficulties and dangers of his country's position, and who yet deliberately attempts to make use of her plight as a stepping stone on which to boost his own unworthy ambitions?

Fillerstinism

"Fillers" for magazines are always in demand. A "filler," as everyone knows, is the stop-gap between the fiction story and the "special article." Thus it is always easier to sell seven quatrains than a ballade—both are twenty-eight lines and elicit the same sized check—and couplets go like waffles. The newest angel in the filler industry is the proverb game. It is a good bet that the editor is not fluent in Tasmanian, Middle High Peruvian, or Early Alsatian. If one fears this, however, one may invent a language and make some

PROVERBS FROM THE BORAVIAN

Woman is strange.

Man, consider well the things that are.

Love is all; yet not all.

Marriage is a queer institution; so is non-marriage.

A meditating man often thinks.

Easy, isn't it? Just as easy as English epigram making, the next easiest thing in the world. If "Boravian" likes you not, try some

MAXIMS FROM THE BUNKTILIAN

My son, a wise man knoweth much. All a man hath is his.

Two plus two are four.

Why prolong it?

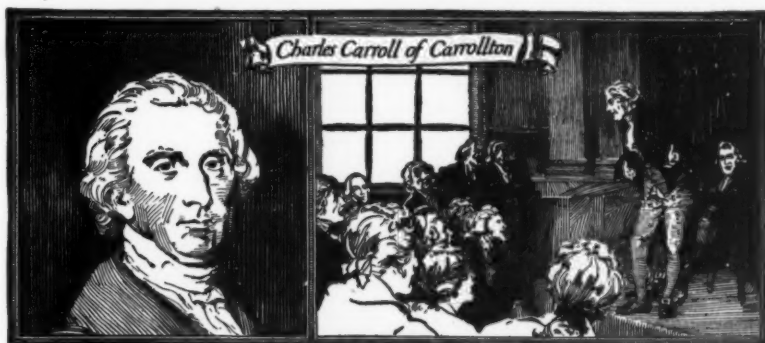
The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10)

what infantile malignancy was regarded the lead pencil of the music master! Piano music in those days was a thing of horror. Innumerable variations and the sonata that stupefied were supplemented by diabolical finger exercises without end. One hour after breakfast, one hour after luncheon, and in the evening a little music to soothe digestion and drive away dull drink—something of this sort was the daily scheme of our national rulers. Every girl played the piano. Not to play was a stigma of poverty. The harp had gone out with Byron's poetry and the Byronic pose; though harp-playing was deemed "a fine, lady-like accomplishment" until the Civil War. But the piano is cheaper than the harp—some pianos—and it is the only instrument I know of that is played upon by preference when out of tune. Even a banjo is at times tuned; the average piano so rarely that it resents the operation and speedily relapses below pitch. Because of its unmusical nature, a very uncomplaining beast of burden, the piano was bound to drive out the harp; it is more easily "worked," and by reason of its shape a more useful piece of furniture. Atop of a piano may be placed anything from a bonnet to an ice-cream freezer; indeed, stories are told of heartless persons using it for a couch; and once a party of French explorers saw on the coast of Africa an individual, oily but royal, who had removed the wires and action of a concert grand piano and occupied the interior as his permanent abode. The unfortunate instrument had drifted ashore from a wreck. Other reasons, too, there are for the supplanting of the harp by its more stolid half-brother, the piano—a bigger brother, a noisier, more assertive one, and a magnificent stop-gap for the creaking pauses of the drawing-room machinery. And how nobly it covers thin talk with a dense mantle of crackling tones. A provoker of gabble, an urger of after-dinner eloquence, the piano will be remembered as the most adroit social implement of the latter half of the last century.

Lizts in Petticoats Lizts in petticoats have been so numerous during certain decades as to escape classification. It was the girl who did not play the piano who was singled out as an oddity. For one Sonia Kovalesky, and her mastery of mathematics, there were a million slaves of the ivory. Not even the sewing-machine routed

(Continued on page 22)



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 9

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland "Father of Religious Liberty in America"

HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all sects to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies, and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Lib-

erty. Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of all other beers by millions of bottles.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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Means Moderation



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Without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be Shaken into the Shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 21)

the piano, though it dealt it a dangerous body blow. Treadles and pedals are not far asunder, and a neat but not gaudy piano technique may be quite useful to the ardent typewriter. What the present generation of children has to be especially grateful for is its immunity from useless piano practice. Unless there is discerned a sharply defined aptitude, a girl is kept away from stool and keyboard. Instead of the crooked "piano back" and relentless technical drill our young women golf, cycle, row, run, fence, dance and operate the omnipresent pianola. While she once wearied her heart playing Gottschalk, she now plays tennis and she freely admits that golf is more alluring than Thalberg. Recall the names of the women colleges, recall their various curriculums and note with unprejudiced eyes their scope and the comparatively humble position assigned music. In a word, I wish to point out that piano playing as an accomplishment is passing. Girls, as a matter of course, play when they have nimble fingers and care for music. Nevertheless, life has become too crowded, too variously attractive in other spheres, for a woman without marked musical gifts to waste precious hours at the piano. She is become weary of the rôle of handmaiden; but just watch her play football.

Out of All Reason

GUEST: I thought this was a temperance hotel, and yet I find that in one of the underground rooms you have a bar for the sale of intoxicants.

CLERK (in astonishment): Goodness me, man! What do you expect? You didn't think to find the bar anywhere else in a temperance hotel, did you?

The Needful Quality

JONES: Dear me! You say you often lay down the law to your wife. How do you go about it?

BONES: Why, all you need is firmness! I usually go into my study, lock the door, and do it over the transom;—all you need is firmness—in the door!

Too Stylish

COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER (displaying his knowledge): Dickens was a fine writer, but I don't like his style.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE: Yes; I guess nearly all them lit'ry fellers is too stuck-up.

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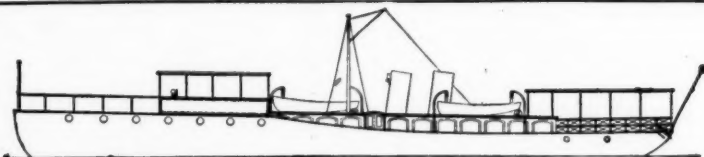


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Too Much for Him

By the aid of his wonderful lamp and the genii thereof, Aladdin has built him a delightful bungalow in one of the suburbs of Cathay. The first day of his occupancy he again summoned the genii:

"I think I will go to town," said Aladdin. "I have some business to attend to. Take me to the station in five minutes."

The genii made a gesture of despair. "What is my lord's command?" he inquired in trembling accents.

"Take me to the station in five minutes," repeated Aladdin sharply.

The genii made another and more despairing gesture.

"Alas," he cried, "that I cannot do. It is beyond my powers. Nobody but the real estate man from whom you bought these lots knows how to reach the station from here in five minutes. The best I can do is eleven minutes, and I'm supposed to be some genii."

And then, to sort of square things, the genii brought Aladdin seven basins full of jewels, without being asked.

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Straight Talk

All men who take a drink, and all women who take a drink occasionally, are not drunkards, and the sooner we give people the opportunity of enjoying a glass of wine or mug of beer in an atmosphere of moral openness and decency, the sooner we give them a place where they can meet with their families and have, as in Germany and France, cakes and sandwiches, music and a little sunshine and fresh air with the drink that they wish, the sooner will we make some real progress towards temperance.

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Some Difference

"As honest as the day is long,"
He claimed to be;
And oh, it was no idle song
He sang to me.

He stung me; yet he did no wrong,
This oily youth;
"As honest as the day is long"—
He spoke but truth.

His words misled me; such a joke!
You'll see it soon.
He meant December when he spoke;—
I thought of June.

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even pure beer—it starts decay and renders it unfit for use," and the slightest taint ruins the healthfulness of beer. The light bottle is insufficient protection; even the light bottle brewers admit that brown glass is the best known container for beer.

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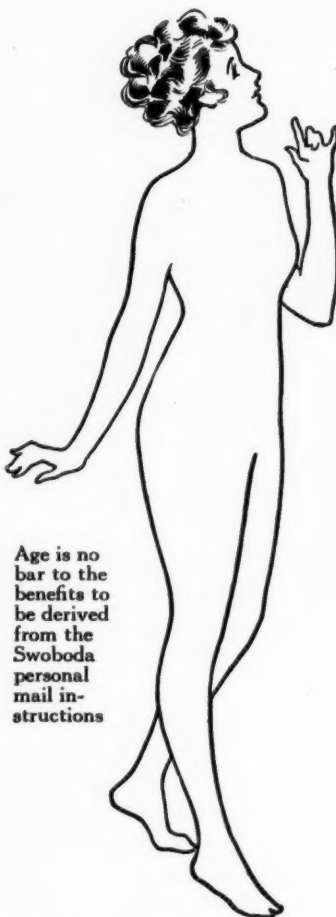
"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

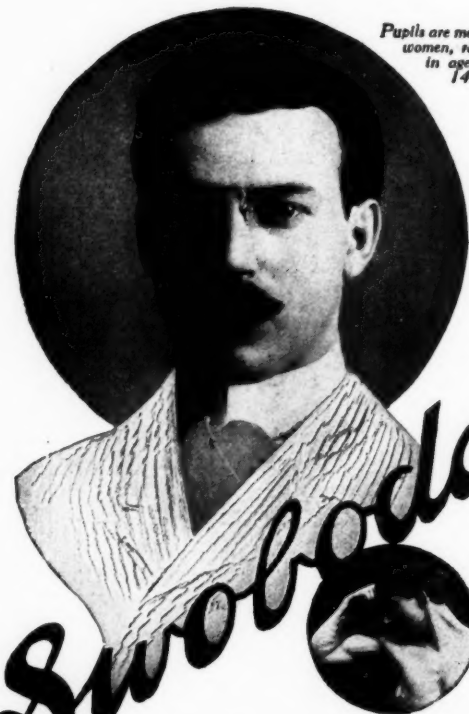
"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

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